



# Too Much Ice Cream



👁 23 ✓ 8 ★ 9

## Chapter 1 by JonathAnne

"Oh! I really shouldn't have eaten that," Casey thought as she kneeled over the toilet. Waves of cold and heat washed over her.

"You OK, babe?" Her husband, Joe. How embarrassing! Only three months of marriage, and she was already going have to hold him to "in sickness." She could hear Joe and his buddies whispering. "Shit!" she thought.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



The sensation rise from her stomach to her mouth, and she began to dry heave.

"Babe?" Joe called from beyond the bathroom door. "I love you, hon. Even more than cookie dough." The other men who were helping to repaint the interior of their Victorian house tried to stifle their laughter. "Even more than Rocky Road."

With the mention of this blend, Casey released the contents of her stomach into the porcelain bowl... Once, twice, and then three times.

"Hey Case. You okay? Sounds like pirates dropping a keg of plums into the ocean in there." The men burst into laughter.

Casey brushed her hair back and washed her face. She looked at herself in the mirror. This moment was curiously much like the time she and Henry had met at a party four years before. But it hadn't been ice cream then

Casey strode from the bathroom. See more of Story Wars

"Feeling better, babe?"

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Casey drew her knee up into her new husband's crotch as he let out a muffled groan and crumpled to the wooden floor in pain.

"Yes, sweetie pie. Much better now."

The men laughed, and Casey felt her stomach rumble again. She planted her hands on her hips as a stream of ice cream vomit issued from her mouth down onto her pained husband. The men laughed harder.

### Chapter 3 by intellikat



Suddenly, the largest of Joe's friends, a big Nigerian man with a beard the size of a bathmat crossed his arms over his chest and bellowed in a deep tone:

"I think it's time we inspected the plumbing around here."

"Yes, Charles," said the other man, "The plumbing requires inspection."

All the men began laughing once again, Henry picked himself up off the floor.

"Well, I suppose I should take a shower and change," he said.

"Hang on," said Bunter, the slightly balding friend of Joe's who had bad breath. "Let me inspect the electrical wiring near all sources of water. It poses a hazard in terms of 'choque du electrique'"

The men stopped laughing. Charles look worried.

"Do you think we are in danger of 'choque du electrique?'"

Bunter wasn't sure, but he nodded anyway, indicating some concern.

"We should take off all of our constrictive clothing to be sure there is no further danger of electrical conduction"

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groan, and soon all the men began to groan in unison, like a Harlem Groan Choir.

Cassie watched, numbly. And then she did the one thing her mother had warned her years ago never to do.

She released the Cheetah.

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